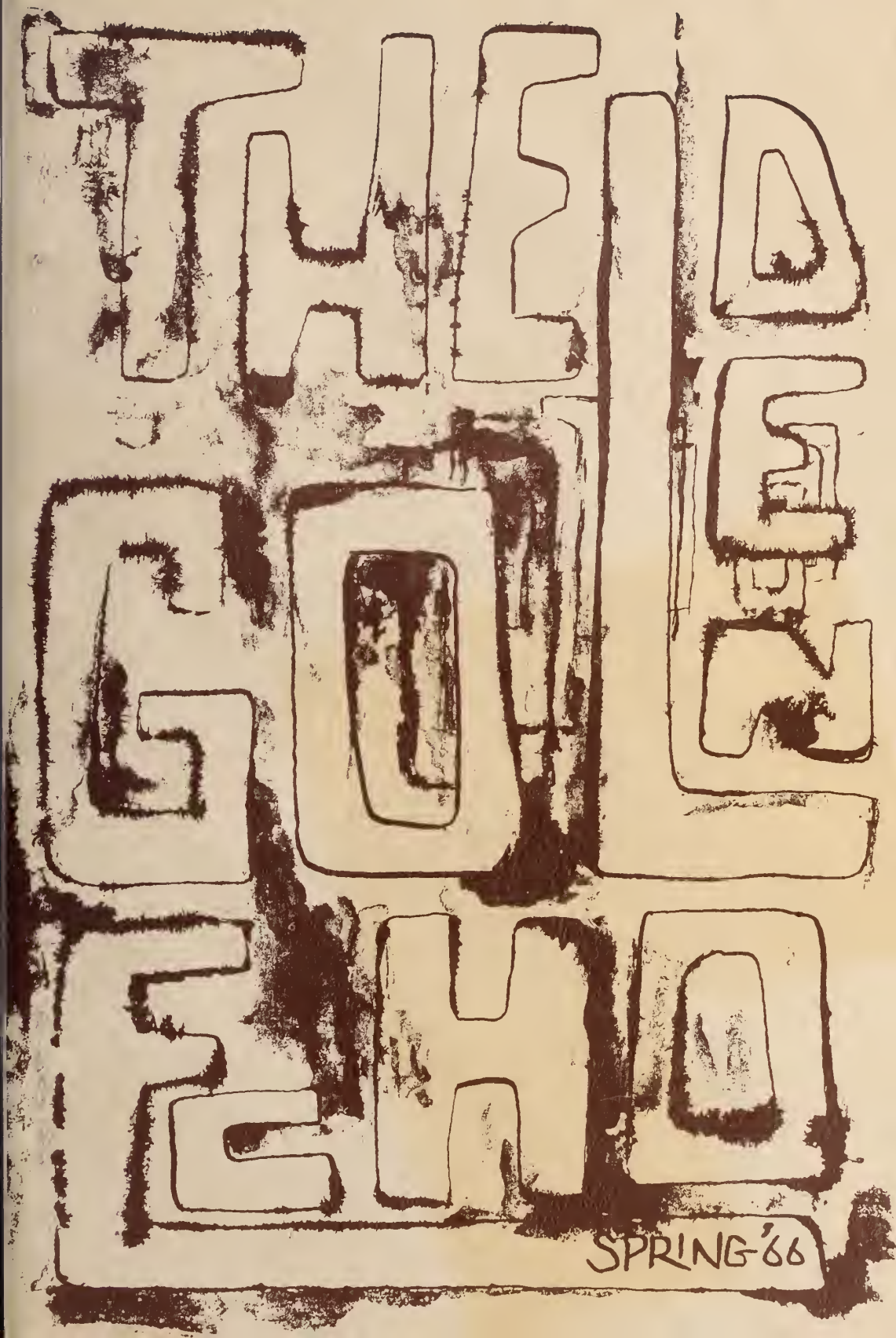




SPRING '66



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The Golden Echo

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K. FLYNN '69

Ebb Tide

After a long day, I often walk along the seashore of my imagination. It is evening; the dusky tones of twilight settle with calm stillness around the charcoal-colored trees. The tide is going out, receding with slow swiftness away to points unknown. It is ebb tide.

I am reminded of the loneliness of man. At some point, some moment brief or lingering, we all feel the tide of life's giving slip away from us and leave us on the beach, alone at ebb tide.

Loneliness has a haunting quality about it. An evasive characteristic causes it to challenge both description and understanding. It disconcerts the calmest self-assurance, appearing where by all sense and reason it should never be. It stands in the midst of a well-peopled room; a strange spectre staring at the crowd, an unresponsive figure surrounded by noise and laughter.

There is a temptation to equate loneliness with being alone. It is not the same. A man can be alone and not be lonely. A question is proposed. Is loneliness being alone or is it feeling lonely? Or perhaps a combination of the two, an interior aloneness that finds its expression in loneliness?

The faces of loneliness are many; its forms are diverse. The ebb and flow of life produce a kaleidoscopic vision. One sees, reflected in the mosaic-like pattern, the old, with life's lines etched in deep-rutted grooves on parchment-colored faces. Gnarled hands quiver like autumn leaves about to fall, groping and unsure. Pride no longer covers the naked longing in the eyes.

The young are pictured here, painted in more vivid hue. Life is just beginning. The flame of eagerness lights the eyes and strong, firm hands stretch out to the unknown. But the young are often lonely too, and unsure.

There is a form of loneliness for every age, even for those neither quite so young nor really old. For these, life's purpose may have dimmed a bit, fogged up by the routine of daily living, and a subconscious pledge of allegiance to practicality.

Every age has spoken of the loneliness of man. An alert ear catches the sound of his cry below the restless surf. There, in the blue-green, hollow-eyed figure of a Kirchner's canvas; or there, just over the footlights where Antigone cries:

*"No one at my side
No one to regret,
Uncelebrated love
Is all I have for my last walk. And you
Eye of the blessed sun -
I shall miss you soon
No tears will mourn me dead. No friends to cry."
("Oedipus" by Sophocles)*

Each man must struggle with loneliness; how he does it is a measure of the man.

Nightfall closes in. The trees fade into the darkness. The only sounds are the restless wind and the waves sweeping up the shore. Ebb tide has reached its lowest point.

Sister Mary Clare Johnson

Stop--Look--Love

Love is something you plan and pray for.
Love is something you wait and wish for.
Love is something you must wait --
Wait, far more than the week-end for.

When the summer ends and the "good" life of school begins,
Love takes on the form of many simple, homey, friendly things.
Breakfasts of creamy oatmeal, bitter coffee, dry toast,
dry talk, and weather forecasts.
Homey sounds of brothers fighting, parents "discussing,"
tractors putting, and calves bowling.
Friendly things like dirty ruffled edges of "hot" book, tiny
checked grates of floor furnaces, warm pool of down comforts.
Love may not come on a week-end, dear, but something or someone
may be added to the above.

Janet Fralich

Oh

Oh, but my dear,
he had on a suit,
just like one of us.
And really a rather
nice shirt, the collar
wasn't grimy or anything,
and the tie was in good taste
although it was a little plain.
What's that you said?
Oh yes, he spoke well, too,
you know – not like I thought before –
he sounded almost
like we do. And he
could really make conversation
without scratching his head
or blinking his eyes
and he wasn't even
funny looking, really.
Why, he was almost
like us.

Diane Pinkley



709

"Swir-r-r-r-r. Click!" Emma's roughened, practiced hand turned off the centrifuge. With skillful quickness she scraped the silver-blue contents from the tubes of the udder-like contraption into a beaker marked "709."

"Hope it works, Professor," Emma said with her usual note of shyness.

"Goot girl, Ella," boomed Professor Schimmel as his pudgy hand closed around the newest batch of formula.

This praise joined the two-and-one-half-pound box of Whitman's chocolates he and his two associates gave their laboratory assistant each Christmas to tell her how they appreciated her hard work and dedication to their project.

As Professor Schimmel marched down the hall, he looked at the beaker carefully. "Nice schmell," he said. "The schmell is fine. If only it works."

"Yesterday's fish is not in good condition," worried Professor Goober at the moment Schimmel joined the group.

"Bad shape, really," understated Professor Wilkes-Barre.

"Himmell! How can we send our boys into space with rotting fish?" said Schimmel for the seven-hundred and eighth time. "Von Braum is waiting on us!"

Then, like a small drama unfolding, a new mackerel from Swanson's was unwrapped along with a cabbage head from the A & P. Each was painted with "709" before plans were laid for "710."

Back in her cubicle, Emma, who was plain and no longer young, prepared for her day's work. Dismantle the equipment, scrub the glassware, set up for the new formula. A day like every other day. Still, it was to be a day with a difference.

It was different because Emma, who was the soul of carefulness, did a careless thing. While tucking back a wisp of drab hair, she accidentally brushed the rubber spatula and slathered her forearm with the silver-blueness of "709."

The next morning it seemed to Emma that the area was not bleached so much as it was made new. A tiny old scar had vanished, and the flesh was perfect.

This discovery prompted Emma to secretly scrape that day's left-overs into an old cold cream jar, and with many misgivings, smuggle it home inside her roomy plastic purse. She even scribbled the formula down on the flyleaf of her little address book while she ate a dry cheese sandwich for lunch.

"Mercy!" She reprimanded herself as she recalled Professor Schimmel's warning. "No skin contact. No schloppiness at all!" Despite the yearly boxes of candy, Emma did not feel secure enough to make mistakes.

The incident was put aside, though, when the professors trooped proudly in, bearing the altered formula for the new batch of preservative.

"This is it!" said Professor Wilkes-Barre as usual. He was a man of almost incredible enthusiasm.

That night, as Emma wearily brushed her teeth in the oilcloth-lined bathroom of the neat one-room apartment she shared with a few records and some back issues of *Glamour* magazine, she made a curious discovery. A three-cornered mark had appeared on her forearm at the site of the morning's accident.

"It bleaches," she thought, incredulous that it did anything at all. I must tell the professors." But, somehow, the incident smacked of a carelessness that should not be mentioned.

That night, with only the oilcloth roses looking on, she applied the mixture cautiously and then more boldly. She even added a touch to her bath and a dab to her hair. The bit that remained, she applied to her Dr. West's toothbrush and brushed vigorously.

It was the magic women have looked for since before Cleopatra. It fulfilled the promise of every cosmetic ad since Helena Rubenstein was a girl. It was ageless, eternal, blooming youth. It was beauty.

Emma's newly found loveliness did what loveliness is supposed to do; it made the new chemist at the lab propose to her.

In fact, by the time formula "731" was ready for the centrifuge, Emma had given her notice to the professors. She told Professor Schimmel about it as she removed that batch with manicured, pink-white hands.

"We are sad to be losing you, Etta," he said sincerely.

The others shared his feeling of loss, and it added to the morning's gloom about yesterday's spoiled mackerel.

"It is not enough that our girl is leaving us, but the fish are rotting even faster!" said Goober.

"Let's face it, gentlemen, we are not moving ahead with great speed," confessed Wilkes-Barre.

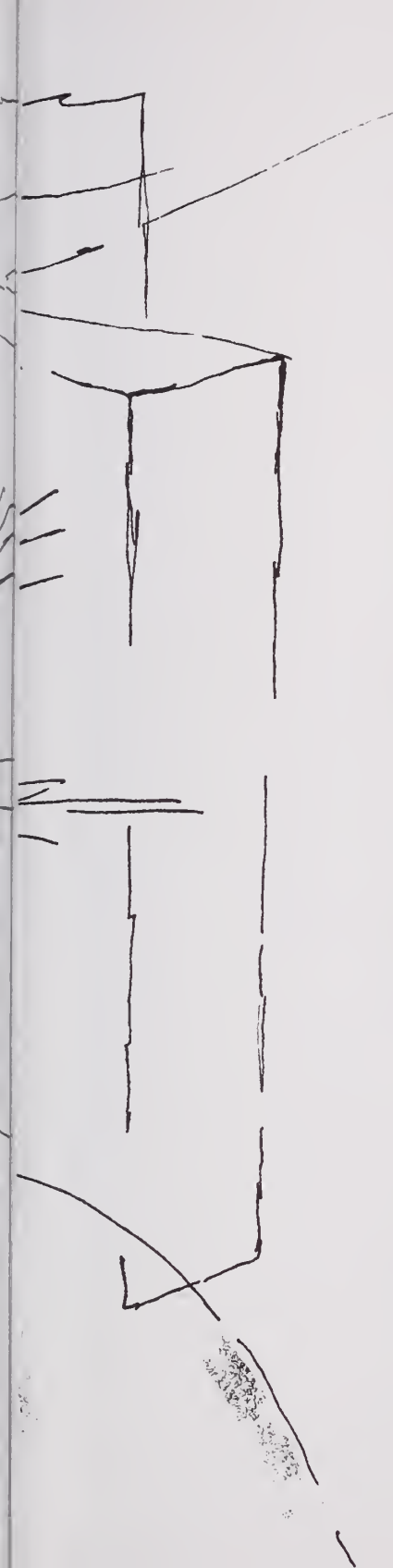
"We must keep trying. Von Braum still is waiting on us!" said Schimmel as they unwrapped another mackerel from Swanson's.

Donation

Most assuredly, sir,
I would be delighted
to help your cause,
for, after all,
I'm a God-fearing, brother-loving,
church-going man.
Do what I can
to help the poor –
shall I make the check for
two, four, five? Hundreds,
thousands? Tell me, sir,
it is of no consequence to me.
Always like to help
those in need.
Wasn't it Christ
who said
we are our brother's keeper?
I most agree.
Besides, it helps me
on my income tax.
Good day, sir,
don't hesitate
To call again.

Andrea Richter





Mad Campus

I have walked the cool ivy of brick
wall madness,
great American campus madness;
where chimes ring in morning air,
and morning air chimes in soul's ears;
where professors walk to foreign cars
with chalk dust on their glasses;
where freshmen stand in destiny hall with
prisms on their shoulders,
and the light of the future falls on the
wall;
vivid for one,
drab for another.
Where gyms smell like locker rooms
and locker rooms smell worse;
where athletes curse in shower rooms
and shower rooms boil with steam.

I have walked the cool madness of
brick wall ivy,
with lovers walking beside me;
holding hands below the twilight moon,
contemplating the stars;
digging the grass, on concrete benches,
with the sky full of trees:
living for the day,
mysterious in the night,
and praying for tomorrow.
I have dug the hush of the library tomb,
where volumes rest for infinity:
I have cried for the hush of the volume
tomb,
where obscurity endures forever.
I have walked away from the library
hush,
with a shadow walking beside me;
speaking my name in manatane and dying
with the sunset.

I have walked the cool bricks of
ivy wall madness,
with professors walking beside me:
carrying cards of red venom,
with fangs in American youth;
wiggling like worms in the peach of learning,
on the tree of judicial blindness.

A trumpet blows in that misty
land

where long ago a river
ran

a river of learning dried by
a star?

When curse you Marx? "Tomorrow,
tomorrow."

I have felt the soul of my soul
lift

when leaves begin to fall;
when scare baards flash and pennants
fly in the drunk twilight of youth:
where friends drink in fur clad
madness;

great American campus madness.

First down, first and

Ten.

Who gives a darn. Pass

The gin.

I have cried for Van Gogh on art's
ghost shoulder;
abstract tears that, in reality, never
fell.
I have cried for Monet on Van Gogh's
shoulder;
abstract reality, that in tears, never
fell.
Walking basement halls in Christmas
madness,
with pipe smoke in the air:
with snowflakes falling in streetlamps'
glow,
below Earth's holy sky:
chains humming in frozen streets,
on Pluto's white desert of silence:
silence humming in deserted ears, on
fireside America's face:
crunching steps of father eternity fall
in the pines of youth;
over the wall of the great divide, and
north to the land of dreams
somewhere the campus of madness is
sleeping,
with hot rum and holly.
Somewhere the youth of life is
singing,
hymns to the hearth of creation,
dying coals of Arora's furnace, stoked
on the edge of time;
Solar tomorrow and icewater gutters, roll
through the streets of life.

I have walked the mad coolness of ivy wall
bricks,
in starlight and shadow:
swinging on dreams, that swing on dreams,
that terminate on the sunrise.
Mad campus of all America, awakening
to the dawn:
where chimes ring in morning air,
and morning air chimes in soul's ears.

The Nature of Art

What is the nature of art? What is it that sets one painting apart as art and leaves another just a picture? These are difficult questions to answer. To answer them would be to define the diverse nature of man; for the nature of art is the essence of man himself.

Art is communication – not the communication of ideas, for ideas are expressed in words – art is visual communication of emotion and feeling. In every situation there is some truth, some glimpse of nobility or beauty, or some universal facet of human emotion not usually seen by ordinary men.

With keen insight, with extraordinary empathy, the artist isolates these aspects of humanity from the total situation, and in his work of art expresses his feeling about them in such a way that the understanding of that feeling is transmitted to, and shared by, his viewers. It is the extent of this unique expression and feeling in a painting that sets it apart as art.

The expressive content of a work of art is embodied in its forms, differences in color, shape, texture and line. The way these and other elements of art are combined create differences in expression and feeling which arouse certain physical reactions in the viewer. Man is conscious of rhythm, harmony and unity (or the lack of these), and such physical properties work on his nerves. If all these elements of art have been successfully arranged by the artist in his work, the viewer will to some extent experience the feeling the artist intended.

But these basic elements of line, color, form, design and composition are techniques of art, learned skills. The skillful manipulation of these techniques of art is necessarily the foundation upon which a work of art must be built – but they are not the nature of art.

The successful creative artist has something more than these basic techniques, something that is unique within himself, something which cannot be taught him. This something is usually called genius. And it is with his peculiar genius that the artist creates that something which is art.

Genius can well be called a gift from God. It involves the endowment of keenness of perception, imagination and originality. The creative artist must be many things: scientist, philosopher, psychologist. That artist is the greatest whose horizons are the widest. He is the man who sees not only the object before him, but sees that object in all its universal implications. He sees the one in many – not the many in one – he isolates that one, and out of the range and depth of his genius gives it original expression.

With psychological insight into what arouses the emotions of men, the creative artist employs all his learned techniques; and with talented skill arranges them in some original way in his work so that the attention of the viewer is focused on whatever values, sympathies, passions or aspirations of humanity the particular work of art intends to express. *The nature of art is that intangible quality* in the artist's work that reveals to the viewer some new or before unseen truth, and evokes from him the emotion the artist intended.

Someone once said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." And so it is with the nature of art. Man is the sum total of his ancestry. Each is unique, biologically similar but emotionally different. Similar cultures develop similar trends of thought, but each individual will react to every situation according to how his own individual psyche has been modified by his environment.

The skillfully presented visual aspects of the artist's work will strike some chord in all men; but in each man the chord struck will vary with his own unique psyche. Man can only see and feel what he has experienced. The realist, the dreamer, each will enjoy art in his own way. The nature of art for each will appear to be different; for the nature of the perception will vary with the nature of each viewer.

The fundamental nature of art can be said to be the revelation of one person to another. It is personal communication in an otherwise impersonal world. But the ultimate nature of art is man's innermost soul laid bare.

Sandra Montrose

On American Education

In the first quarter of the twentieth century, John Dewey conceived the idea that American education should be a social and moral force in society. Though there are educators who would be at odds with Dewey in general, there are few people who would disagree with this specific aspect of John Dewey's thinking, whether or not they are aware of the origin of this idea. Since America is a democracy, its education must be democratic. This is because one cannot consider education isolated from the social and political context in which it exists.

However, there is a great deal of difficulty in this view of education which is derived from the ambiguity of the word "democracy." As it is conceived, democracy becomes an ideal, one which is separated from the reality of daily living. In this conception and verbalization of a democratic education, it is easier to specify what it should not be. For example, a democratic education should not be dogmatic indoctrination. While it should allow free thinking, it should not be free in the monetary sense for this would be socialistic. Historically, education has developed an aristocracy. From a political point of view, contradictory with any interpretation of "democracy," this leads to an oligarchy and class distinction. Therefore, one finds that the development of the idea of a democratic education becomes mass education.

Mass education was a Reformation idea which, when condensed, says that all God's children *must* know how to read so that they can read the Bible and receive the grace of the Lord. Similarly, everyone in America *must* go to college so that they can contribute to the country's progress and receive the rewards from a higher standard of living.

Upon placing this idea of mass education into practice, many manifest and latent undesirable side effects have resulted. The colleges have been unable to handle the increased enrollment and have sought government support which in turn leads to government controlled education. The academic standards have been lowered such that almost anyone with average intelligence can with a good deal of money and time receive a master's or doctor's degree. The number of people who have post-graduate degrees is growing in enormous proportions. The result has been that one receives little consideration in terms of vocational preference or respect for an accomplishment, if he possesses only a baccalaureate degree. Today, one cannot receive good employment without a high school diploma; tomorrow the requirement will be a bachelor's degree. With the increasing number of people with doctorate degrees, it appears likely that someone will develop a post-doctorate degree. I visualize myself staying in school and receiving my master's at the time that this new degree is established. Because the recognition of my degree will be of such little consequence, I will endeavor to seek a doctorate degree, only to find another degree established. At this point I shall either continue on with my education or quit. In either event I shall be receiving payment from the government for social security.

The situation just described is not as terrifying as the one involving people who do not have sufficient ability to complete a college education. Generally, the person who is unable to deal in the abstract is unable to go to college. This is the person to be pitied in our society. He is a condemned person. His life is one of drudgery in a vocation he doesn't like and receives little reward. Any rebellion on his part is treated as a crime and is usually punishable under the criminal code.

People ask, where did we go wrong? Why is there so much crime in the streets? I believe that the reason why there is so much strife in America is because of the protestant interpretation of democratic education. The central error in the interpretation is the use of the word "must." Should everyone go to college? Is it a crime not to have an academic education? My answer to these questions is in the negative. I maintain that the interpretation of what a democratic education is or should be is wrong. The first amendment I would make is to change the word "must" to "should" go to college. I say that democratic education is not mass education but one which is "equal opportunity" education. One which does not make a distinction between race, creed or money but one which does distinguish intellectual ability in its broadest sense. One which allows a person to not go to college and yet find his happiness wherever it may be.

Shirley Spieg

Days

Some days are yes and
Red and yellow,
Sure and fine,
Green and light,
Fourth of July,
Easter and Christmas.

Some days are no and b

The Sea

Listen to the magnitude of me.
Hear and love or
lose and weep.

Ripples fade fast on the soul's tympani.
And I am hushed and deep.

Phyllis Ferenbach

Tanka

Leaves rust and fall, and
flowers turn to dusty brown.
Your day will die and
sun will rise and set each day
and man too must pass.

Bridget Leonard

and bright,

blue.

Toni Lutz

Lost

To but grasp you-ness in the dark,
to but catch your laugh (velvetness)
To but search and never find the one-ness
that is you
as but to lose.
My hand but reaches for a vapor dream.
Smile. Someone else shall be more loved than you.

Phyllis Ferenbach

Return

Tides come and lick the driftwood
from the sun-bleached shore. Those white-capped
Waves pound cruelly on the rounded
rocks, our front row seats at sunrise.

Karen Steinmetz

Encounter

He watched her coming toward him and wished he were back at the dorm. Allan had watched her this way many times, for he never picked her up at the dorm but always met her in the Student Union. He had never before consciously wished he were somewhere else. Jennifer walked to him hesitantly, self-consciously. Why does she always look like she's afraid I'm going to bite her head off, he wondered irritably. She was at the table now, peering critically into his cup of black coffee. "How can you stand to drink that crude oil? It's just horrible; I always use lots of sugar and cream in mind, lemon, too, sometimes." As if I don't know it, he thought, while saying, "It'll make you fat." Her lower lip trembled as she sat down across from him.

Well, he didn't care if he had hurt her crazy feelings — she *was* getting fat — it was stupid for her to drink cream and sugar, and lemon, too. He knew she put lemon in her coffee just because other people didn't. He had decided that was why she did most things. Like that old leopard coat she had on. Ragged, spattered with oil paint of every shade, it was her dearest possession. Jennifer wore it while she painted in the Fine Arts Building when she would stay there until three or four in the morning after the heat was turned off. He thought it was stupid, really, though in his eyes she was a good artist, if unconventional. There were elbow patches on the coat which covered fur and cloth that were worn out. He knew the patches were there for mending purposes, not because they were in style, and the thought annoyed him. He noticed she had her light brown hair wadded up into an untidy lump on top of her head; curly strands wiggled out and bounced around when she moved. Her face was beautiful, but he thought if offset by her increasing plumpness, weird clothes and unconventional behavior. Jennifer was really getting too far out for him to handle.

"Ha! Since when do you care when or if I get into trouble? You didn't particularly care whether or not I got caught spending last weekend with you at Dave's apartment! Oh, you were all for it then. Why, I could get expelled for that - could have been since the second week of school, in fact." At this point she expected Allan to deny that he didn't care if she got into trouble, to say he loved her. She wanted to hear his voice soften as he told her of their mutual memories. Instead he half-grimaced and shook his head. He wasn't going to say anything.

Jennifer took his hand in hers and brought it to her face. She turned the full force of her blue eyes on him and said, "Alan, I love you." Her eyes used to make him want to melt in warm rivers all over the floor, but this time he just sat there. Suddenly she bit his little finger as hard as she could and backed away laughing as he jerked in surprise and pain, knocking over his cup of coffee. "C'mon, get me!" she squealed as he looked in confusion and anger for a napkin to blot the coffee on his sweater. "Cut it out, will you? Just for one lousy minute?" She stopped in surprise and then silently handed him more napkins. "I'm sorry - but you look so cute when you're bitten!" "Well, great! Just great! What are you - a cannibal?" Jennifer looked at him a long time. "I love you, so don't be mad." "Oh, all right, all right. Just don't do it any more, okay?"

Two cups of coffee later they were still sitting in the Union, the only couple there. Jennifer was telling him how mad her French Lit teacher had been when he saw her in the library right after she had cut his class to be with Allan. Why, he had told her she would really have to study to even pass the final and the course. Jennifer, who supposedly had a near-genius IQ and had made all A's in high school, had told him she worked when she felt like it and had then flipped off between the aisles of books. She was a little disturbed, though, for her parents expected high grades, and she knew she would not be able to produce them this semester. She cut all the classes she wasn't interested in to be with Allan, and often followed him to his. When she wasn't with Allan, Jennifer listened to or composed music, painted, read, ate and slept. She had no close girlfriends, for the group carefully screened out all those too ugly, odd or different. Allan knew this, and was annoyed at himself, really, for taking up with such an oddball, even though she had attracted him very much at the first of school.

He didn't show this, though, as he watched her talk. Now she was off on some tangent, probably about Sartre compared to Camus or Zen Buddhism. He admired her intelligence, but it disturbed him that she read such ridiculous, impractical things. And Jen never did do her assignments, although she helped him with his once in a

She was saying in her slurred, soft voice that Mrs. Neil, the housemother of her dorm, had given her three more demerits: one for coming in late the night before, one for having alcohol on her breath, and one for talking back to Mrs. Neil, who had grabbed Jennifer by the arm when she came in late carrying a painting. Jennifer had watched the still wet paint splatter on the floor when she dropped the canvas, and had called Mrs. Neil a bitch. These last three demerits meant she had a total of twelve, and now had to go before the campus Judicial Board and explain her actions.

"That was a hell of a thing to do, Jen. Why don't you just act *normal* for once in your life? Don't get into trouble so much."

while. His intelligence was not of the creative order, but he was third in his class in his field of study - molecular chemistry. He was proud of this, but was always properly humble when it was pointed out by one of his professors.

"Jen, stop a minute. Look, it's almost your one o'clock curfew at the dorm, and I don't want you to get into any more trouble with Mrs. Neil."

"But aren't we going to Dave's? He's at his grandmother's in Texas, and I signed out for a whole weekend. I said I was going home; I won't get in trouble. Let's go to his apartment."

"No, Jen, I promised my roommate I would go home with him; we're leaving some time tomorrow morning, I guess, and it would be too much trouble and everything."

After Allan walked her to the dorm that night he knew that tomorrow he would tell her to go away.

Diane Pinkley

The Room

(In Gratitude to a Friend)

Steady step on the stair,
rising where dimness gathers
and people do not.
The handmuscles, pierced, grasp the railing
in an alone moment.
His eyes galled in darkness
have lost their seeing
and the man feels through depth
to the upper room.
Books wait, a bed, a cup of relief.

In his grey eyes, half asleep, burns
the need of men who share his make.
Steady now the hand grasps the key
with a force entirely too strong,
springs the lock for a moment of flux,
then retreats into the comfort of nothingness.
No light. The room is free
of stumbling things.
His hand finds the bookcase,
grasps relief by the throat
and drinks of the blood.

Lain flat on the darkness three hours,
flat on the slab bed,
the eye is blank, bold and black
and the hand dies.
Then the kindle of beginning sparkles,
the eyes rest, then flame.
A man again, he rises and walks steady
down into the world.

Anna Boothe



M.J. JAVOREK '67

The Unknown

*"To strive,
to seek,
to find,*

*and
not to yield."* (Tennyson's "Ulysses")

What is this verb, to strive?
I'm striving for something; I search.
Do I not look far enough into the essence of this thing?
Do I not know what it is that I seek?

Whence will it come – will it come?
How does one recognize this thing? –
is it something so different from another?
Will it make one stop and say:
"That's it, there it is!"

Why is there such longing for an unknown?
Does it tie in that closely with happiness, love, or security –
 or is it happiness, love, or security?
Maybe those three words are synonyms –
Maybe for me they'll be antonyms.
That's happened before –
it's like a freak of etymology.
 Why... Why... Why...?

Why what?
Is it worth asking – is it worth knowing?
Is it worth the search, strife, failures, success?

Where does it start?
Where does it end?
 Or do I just want to reach a happy medium?

What's in it for me?
Or is that too horrible, self-concerned, selfish to ask?

Whatever it is, it must be necessary for life.
I continue to strive, to search.
I've had my fallbacks, haven't we all?

Why does man make these things:
 the unknowns, the knowns; the griefs, the joys;
 the loves, the hates; –
so necessary and yet so complicated?

When I find it –
my fist will reach out and grab it.
I'll hang on, never let it go.
I'll fight for it, cry for it, sing for it, pray for it.

I've lived for it –
 but will I die for it?

Sheila Murphy

But Never Forgotten

Years died, but never forgot.
You and your warmth
bound us as the sea and sand are bound
in ties that when diminished became unreal.

Years died, but never forgot.
Then we embraced in sunny meeting,
there was time to whisper secrets,
time to renew the summer gentle,
when our youth shielded the visions
we live today.

Years dead, but never forgotten.
We parted again, our secrets left
to the letters that keep us real.
Real, alive, ourselves
on the sands and in the sea
shouting in wise youth the secrets of joy.

Ella Dec

S. MONTROSE
'66



The Moffette Manuscript

There was no room in the Moffette house when John Evans came to live there. It was a large enough house all right – three stories, a huge yard, a private entrance on the outside to the third floor, three full baths, everything that would allow her to take in boarders comfortably. But the yard was brown and tangled with weeds, and no one had been on the third floor for many years, and the outside entrance that the fire department had insisted the Moffettes construct was no longer safe.

There was little chance that anyone would ever stay there besides the elderly lady; at least not as long as she lived. But John Evans was not an ordinary man. He was young, aggressive, ambitious and very much in a hurry. He didn't have the time to argue with the fact that Mrs. Moffette had never taken in roomers. He was too busy to listen to the advice he had received from the few townsmen he had met since he arrived in this college community. He felt that convention and tradition bound him too tightly, and so he ignored it and went to see her the minute he heard about her house.

There were certain advantages to living in the stately mansion, the least of which was the fact that it was two blocks from the university where John would be teaching in the fall. But most of all, he wanted the papers that would take him higher up the professional ladder. The documents of Michael Moffette had never been released to the public. The world of science had waited too long for his wife to die that it had almost forgotten any papers had existed.

Now John, fresh from a college classroom, had a chance to step into a most enviable position. This would surely provide him with a better teaching offer next year. And, after all, that was what he was thinking of; the next year, and the one after that and the whole future.

John paused briefly across the street from the house to study it. At one time it had been one of the most elegant in the town. Then as the city grew south, most of the old houses in this area were converted into rooming houses for the students at the college nearby. It was a huge, stone structure that sat heavy, like a great burial marker in the middle of a deserted cemetery with yellow-gray paint peeling off the visible timber that framed the windows and hung out over the roof. It will not be a pleasant place to live, he thought, probably doilies on stiff hard chairs and potted plants crowding the floor of every room.

It took John less than twenty minutes to talk Mrs. Moffette into letting him stay there. He explained that at first it was to be a temporary arrangement. He would be leaving as soon as he could find other accommodations. He would live on the third floor so he could use the fire escape and would hardly bother her at all.

There were certain rules that Mrs. Moffette stated. There was to be no smoking, no cooking, no late hours, and definitely no young ladies. He could have a radio or television, but it was never to be on past eleven, and then the volume must be kept low so as not to disturb her.

None of these rules really bothered John. He didn't smoke, and he had no time for girls until his career was firmly established. The only problem he now faced was how to get on friendly terms with the widow so that she would allow him to examine her husband's work.

The weeks passed quickly after the school year started. He was busy with his classes and getting settled in his new routine. He only saw Mrs. Moffette on every other Friday when he took her the rent. He had no idea what she did with her time. He did know that in the short period he had lived there she had never left the house. In the evenings he never heard a sound from the lower floors, and during the days she kept the shades pulled and never left the grounds.

In late October he got his first break with Mrs. Moffette. She became ill and it was necessary to call a doctor. It was a heart attack, not serious, but clearly a warning. She would have to be

careful, and there were certain medicines she would need to take. The doctor remarked at how healthy she was considering her age and all.

John took upon himself the duty of getting her medicine from the pharmacist, and he used the excuse of reminding her when it was time to take it to come downstairs. It was all forgotten that he was supposed to be looking for another place to stay. He could not leave her now, he had said, not after she had been so good to him.

His visits downstairs became longer as November and December faded. John's hopes soared as he realized that Mrs. Moffette was growing more fond of him. She was really quite a woman. He could picture her fifty years before when she and her husband had first moved into this house. He thought of her as a good wife, full of grace and charm, pushing her husband gently on until he reached a point of respect in his profession, and then never complaining when his success brought her many hours of loneliness. She must have been a beautiful woman, he thought; her features still held their beauty. And these walls that now creaked and moaned with silence must have once braced themselves to contain the laughter and happiness. But when the last snow of winter melted, late in March, he still had nothing to show for the months he had lived there.

The first indication John had that things were changing was when a hot plate suddenly appeared on a small table in his room. Once during an afternoon visit he complained of the colder weather and that night there were two new blankets on the foot of his bed. But never was there any mention of the papers her husband had left behind even though he had told her on several occasions that he was teaching freshman chemistry at the university.

One Friday John made up his mind to wait no longer. He found her sitting in the parlor with the shades up and the late evening rays of the sun streaming in and revealing the dust that covered everything in the room. She failed to notice him at first. She seemed to be oblivious to anything in the room. Her eyes looked past the dust, past the worn furniture, past the years and the decades. From the expression on her face, John could tell that the elderly lady could not see the ugliness that seemed apparent to him. She could only see what her memory allowed her.

One day after she had recovered sufficiently, John found her sitting once again all alone in the parlor. The energy that had carried her through the last few weeks was beginning to run out. He stood unnoticed in the doorway and watched her get up slowly and walk over to the fireplace. Her old, wrinkled hand reached up to touch the picture of Michael M. Moffette.

"I'll be eighty-eight this month, you know, dear. It doesn't seem possible that you've been gone so long. I used to think I wouldn't live a day without you."

"Mrs. Moffette," John said softly.

"Oh! Mr. Evans," she answered, startled. "Come in. I want to talk to you."

"Mrs. Moffette, I would like to examine your husband's work," he blurted out. She seemed surprised at this, John thought. But if she was, she quickly recovered and changed the subject.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Evans, I had forgotten about them. But first I must talk to you. I've decided to have some people over. I want to liven up this old house again. But the trouble is I don't know a soul whom I could ask. It's been so long since I've been to town, and all my old friends have passed away or moved. I thought you might have some friends at the school where you teach. Someone who would like to come to a nice party. Would you help me? We could have..."

She talked on and on but John wasn't listening. He had been told that he could have what he wanted, and he would gladly do anything for her now that he had that promise.

"Please say you will," she said. "I wouldn't be a nuisance to you. Your friends would hardly know I'm here. I just want to see some people again, to have them in my house, to learn what they're doing. I'm afraid I'm really depending on you, Mr. Evans."

The date for the party was set for the last day before the Easter vacation. Mrs. Moffette seemed to possess a new energy as she kept busy cleaning and dusting, and thinking about what she would serve. The house began to change. Old figurines and bric-a-brac that had adorned the house were disappearing. It was as if the house and Mrs. Moffette had gone to sleep twenty years ago and had awakened now, not a day older, but both of them were in a hurry to catch up with time. A second heart attack prevented the party from ever taking place.

She paused and walked slowly back to her chair.

"It all seems so strange that I should still be here. All the children have been gone now for almost twenty years. A mother should give life. She shouldn't have to stay around and watch it go. I know. I know I haven't done my part. I kind of slowed things down a bit by keeping myself cooped up in this old house. It probably would have come much sooner if I would have lived instead of just hiding away, saving what life was still in me."

She began to doze, and John knew that this was not the time and that the time might never come before the school year ended.

John saw very little of Mrs. Moffette after that. And each time she was always with someone. She had had to get a nurse to live there for a few months, and the doctor would drop by from time to time. He still felt that her heart was strong enough to last for several more years if she would take it a little easier.

Finally the last Friday came for John to pay his rent. Mrs. Moffette had asked her nurse to run an errand for her so she was alone. John sensed that she was waiting for him.

"When will you be leaving?" she asked.

"Sunday. I still have some things to do at school tomorrow."

"I hope you will be wanting to stay here next year. I can't tell you how pleasant this has been, although I will admit I had my doubts at first. I'll be feeling much better in the fall, and I'll be able to do much more for you. You must return because I have a little something special planned for you."

That summer John was notified by the University that he would be unable to return to the same address that he had the year before and would have to make new arrangements. Mrs. Moffette had died, and the house and all of its belongings had been sold at public auction when no relative could be found to claim them.

Gerald E. Daly

Bittersweet

I walk the hollow ways
obsessed with warm, hot feeling.
Where is my love, my one desire,
in this circle of love, passion
and hate?

I see his velvet eyes
surrounded with sorrow,
his lovely smile that soothes
the lonely night with
softness and beauty.

Gloria Atchity.

The Young

Who but the young
Still dare to look up
At the sky, and smile;
Who but the young
Waken with the dawn
And walk a little while;
Who else will turn
From war, yet offer
To reconcile;
Who will give new life
To an aging world?
I'll ...
I'm young.

Pauline Morin

Commercial Love

You Wonder Bread enrich 12 ways my heart
You rose petal Vel soft my hands
You Heinz 57 variety my emotions
You Ajax stronger than dirt my instincts
You Sominex safe and restful sleep my dreams
But
You Brand X my love.

Diane Pinkley

Winter

Lost roses to a winter star,
crystal pearl cruel flakes,
burning ice to an infinity of mirrors,
a snow moon solemn in its pure isolation.
Rich blues and emeralds of ice-winter hues
in a Bible-black night, a holy night.
Trees like stark, stilled,
lightening black-torn
against the ivoried ground.
Lost tears to a winter sun,
frozen mists crystal-numb in
eyes of shepherds.
Blood of Bethlehem spilled
by cold stars.

Diane Pinkley



M. SMITH -'67

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